Tape Lab

FEARLESSLY ORIGINAL

テープラボ

FORBIDDEN KNOWLEDGE GANG

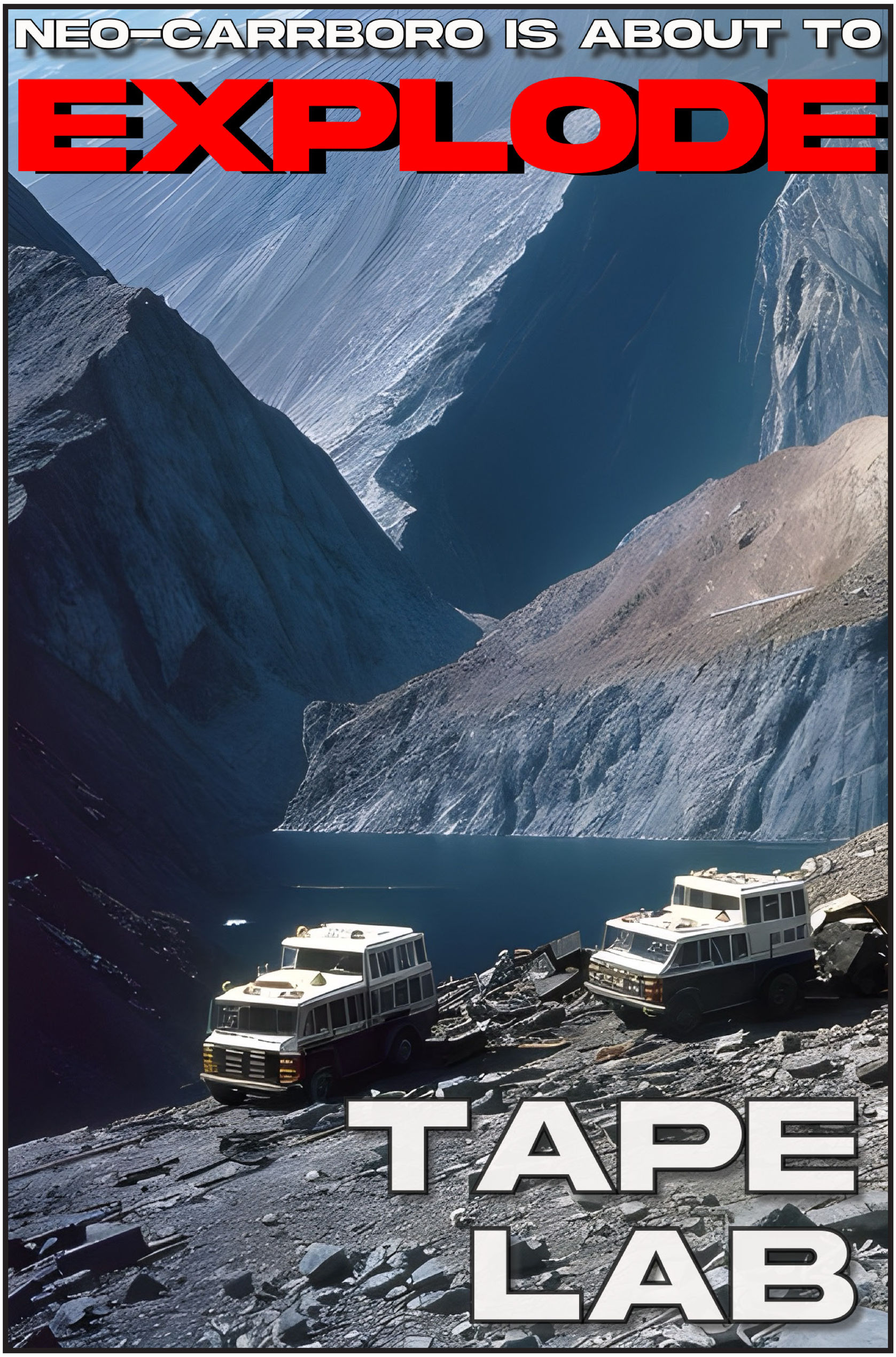
GOOD FOR HEALTH BAD FOR EDUCATION

NOT ENOUGH PEOPLE ARE SAYING THIS.

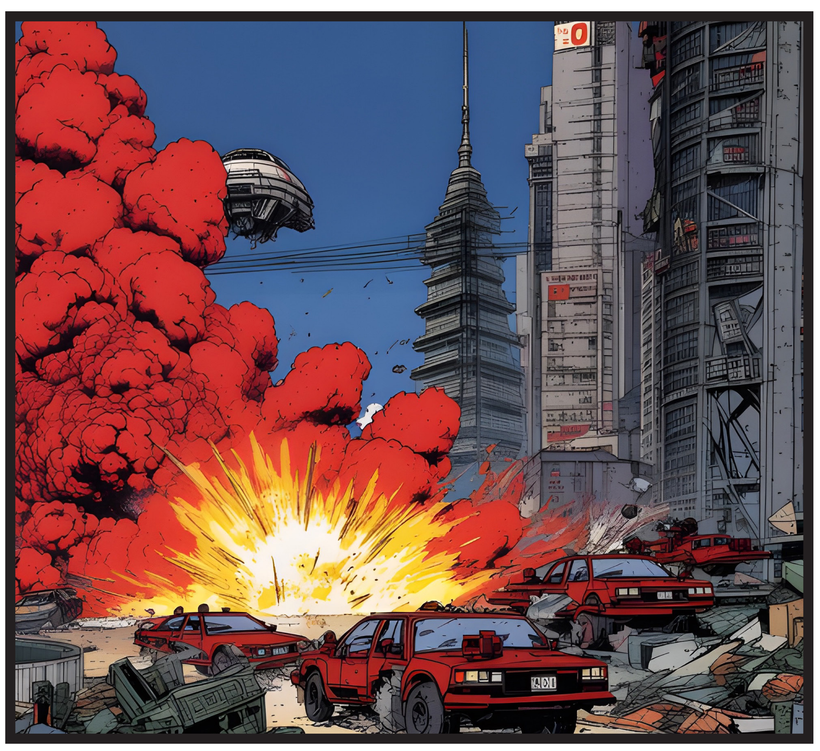
ART/CAM ANNEX

VOLUME I

NEO-CARRBORO IS ABOUT TO EXPLODE

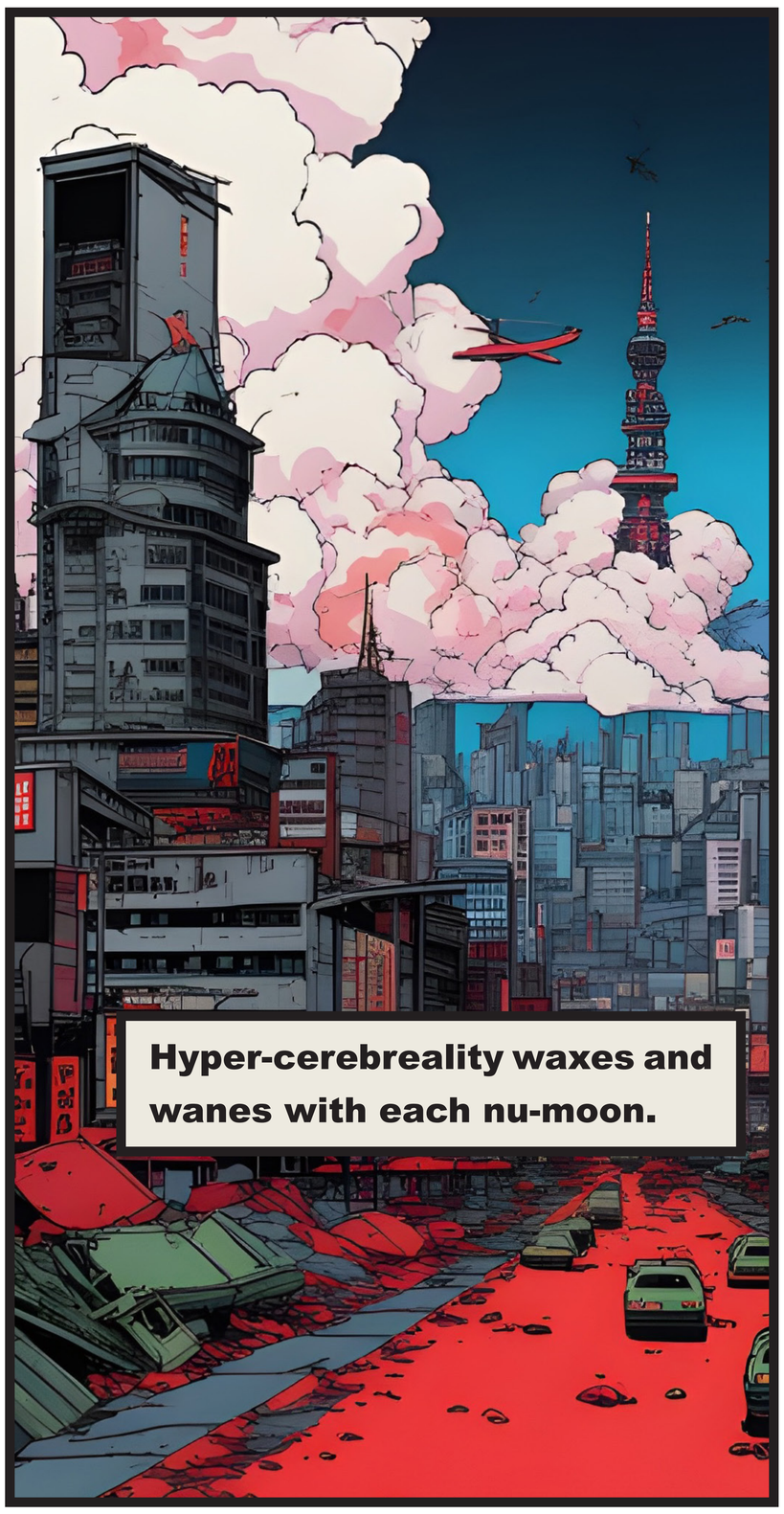


TAPE LAB



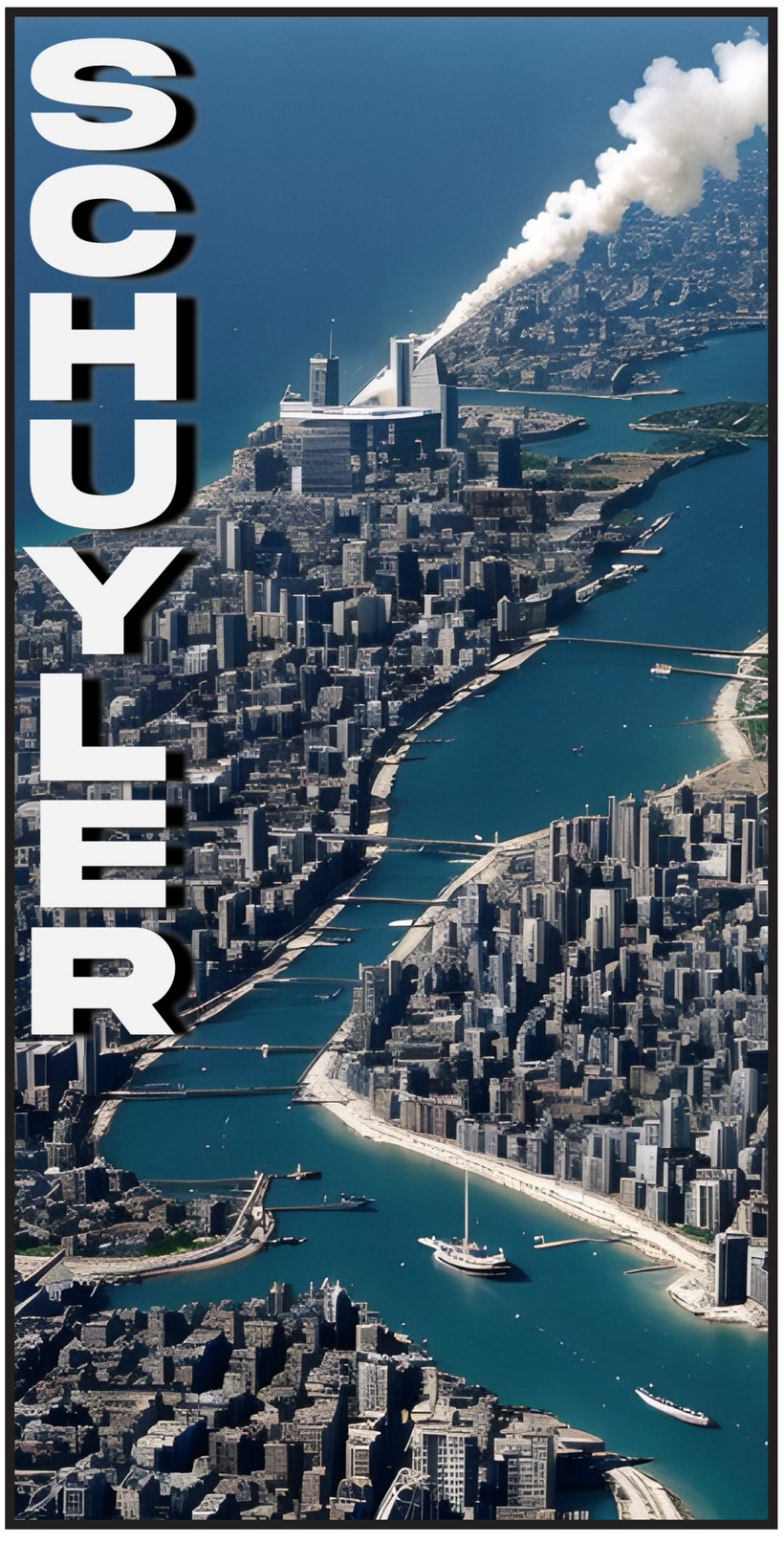
Beneath the flickering remnants of post-Regenesis streetlights, Neo-Carrboro's patchwork skyline pulses with an otherworldly cadence.

This isn't the Carrboro of the old maps—its bones are still there, buried under strata of forgotten factions, fragmented ideologies. Low-rezurrection.

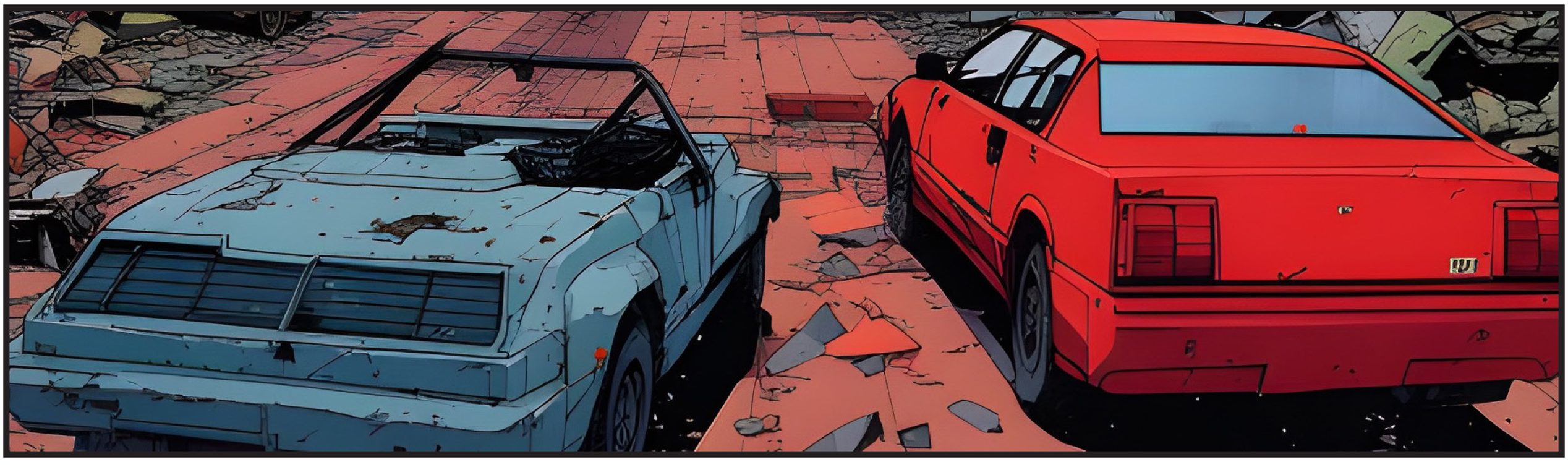


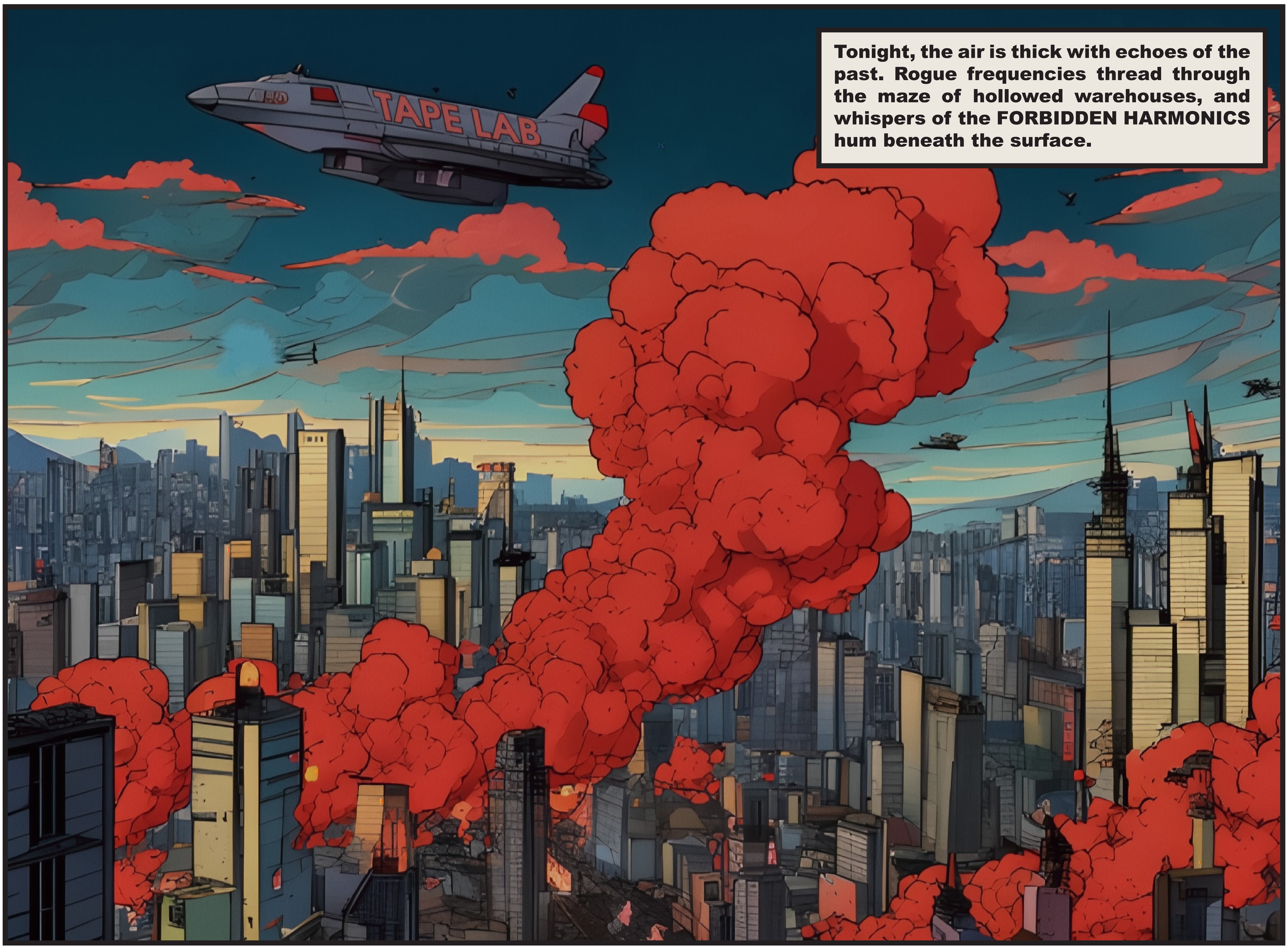
Hyper-cerebreality waxes and wanes with each nu-moon.

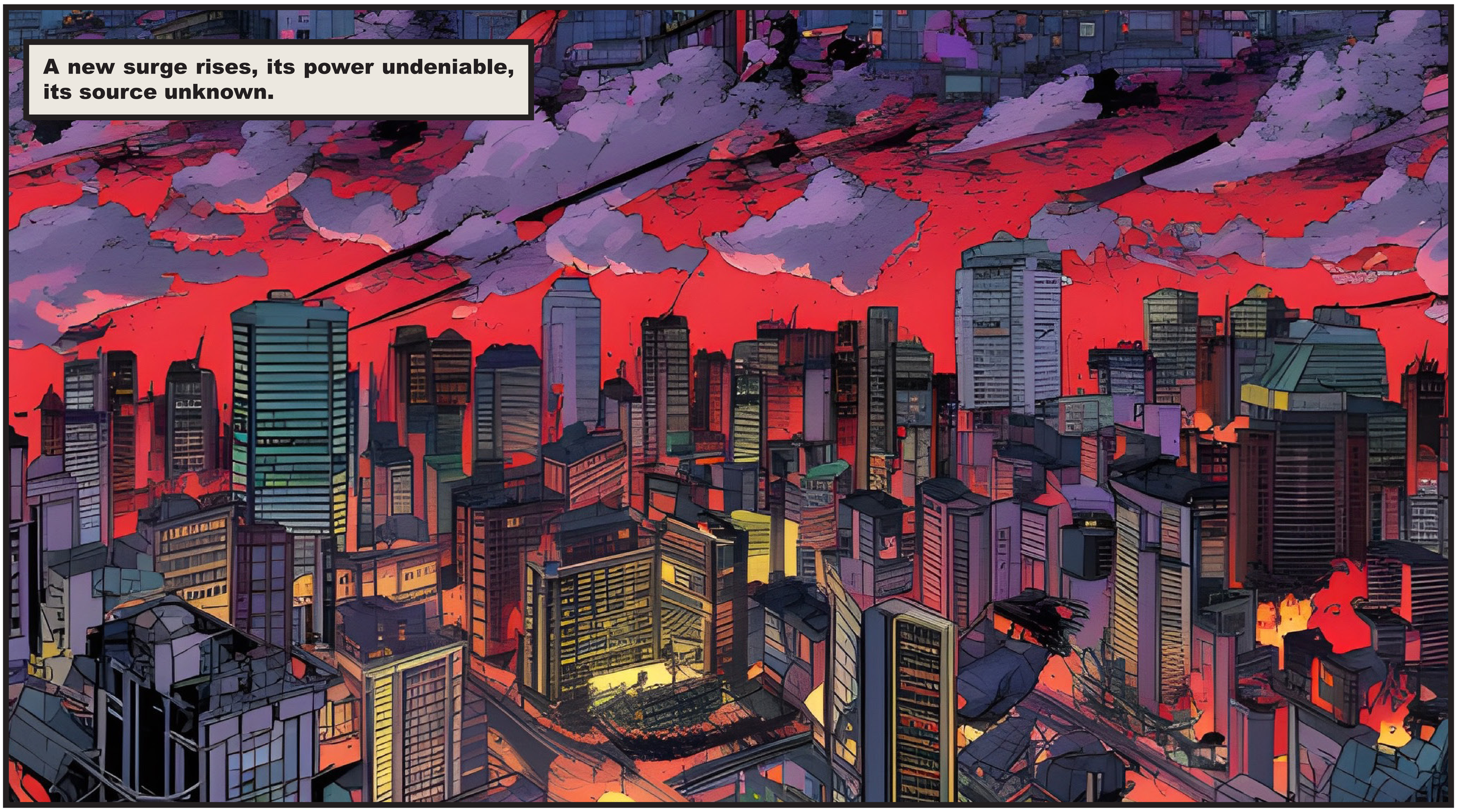
The Ghost Frequency Uprising of '37 left its mark in the cracks of the firmament, still the air hums with analogue rage of sporadic SYNTH RIOTS, rewrote and rewiring the rules of sound itself.



The ubiquitous COLLECTIVE ACCORD may have quelled the Feedback Wars, but the scars remain, etched in magnetic shards and scorched speaker coils, now embedded in the earth itself. Neo-Carrboro lives in defiance of its own ghost, auto-inoculated by explosive future-mythologies discovered in the NOISE RUINS.




TAPE LAB
Tonight, the air is thick with echoes of the past. Rogue frequencies thread through the maze of hollowed warehouses, and whispers of the FORBIDDEN HARMONICS hum beneath the surface.


A new surge rises, its power undeniable, its source unknown.

SCD+ HULER

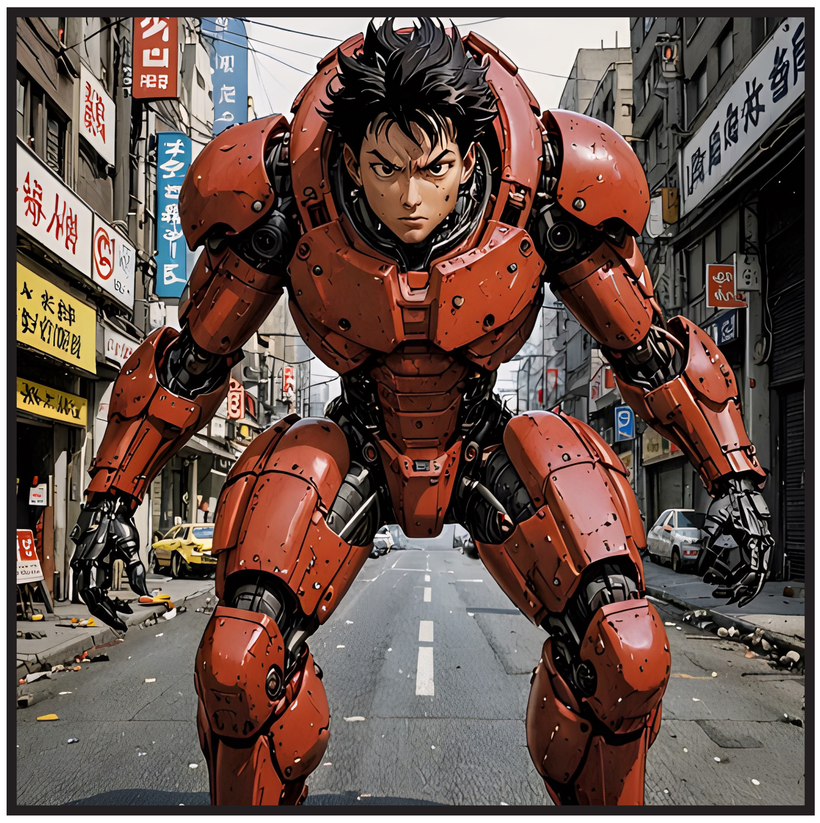
2YNG2SMPL TAPE LAB

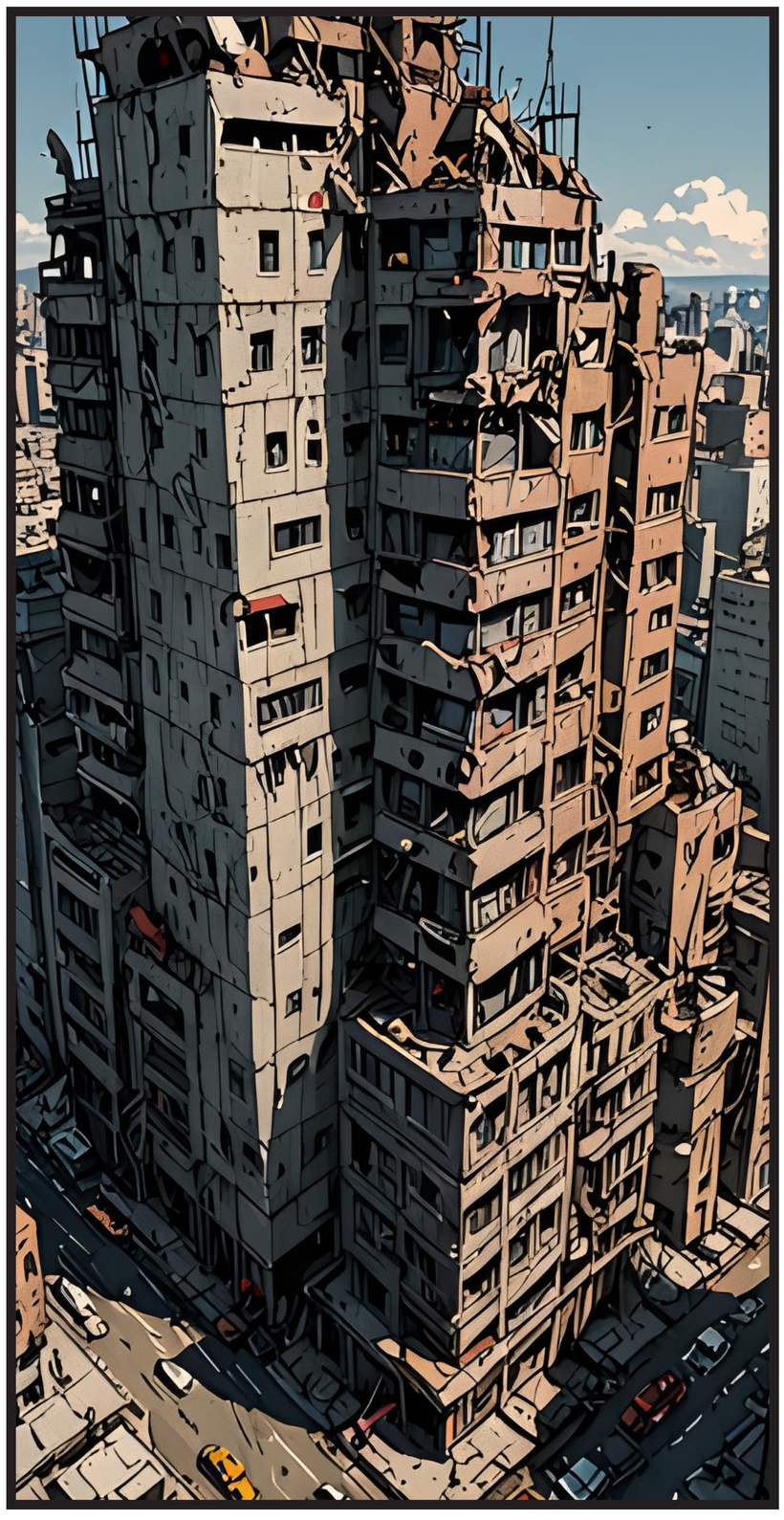
NEO-CARRBORO IS ABOUT TO EXPLODE

AKIRA 2

A self-replicating series of cells. Driven. Compelled, An unquentched yearining.

Not enough people are saying this.





An abbreviated moment before the becoming. Kinetically poised, propelled toward an unseen end.

ARTSCAM

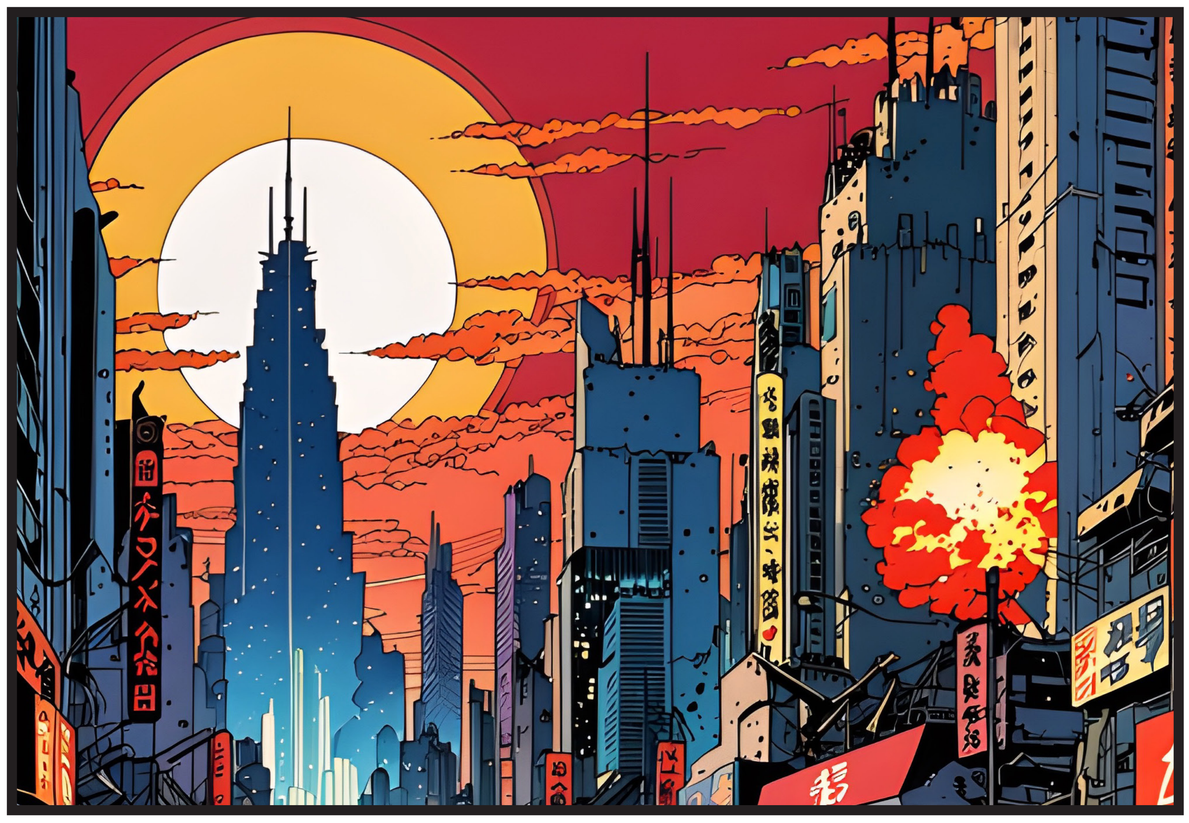
A COLOSSAL WRECK. WHAT A WEEKEND THAT WAS. WE WERE HONEST IN THE ASSESSMENT, BEYOND OUR YEARS EVEN....

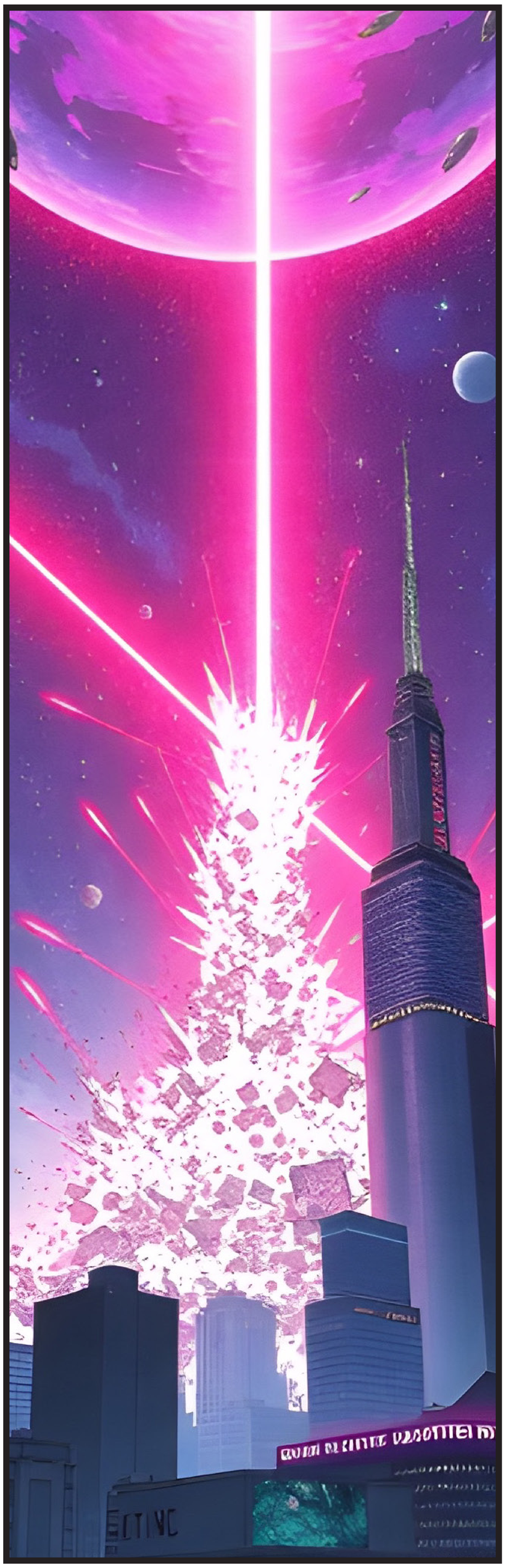
Some history refuses to die, crawling out of its grave like some stubborn corpse with a grudge.

THERE IS AN ODD POETRY, A BROKEN CADENCE TO PLEASANTRIES HERE. A SHARED UNSPOKEN SCHITZOPHRENIA.

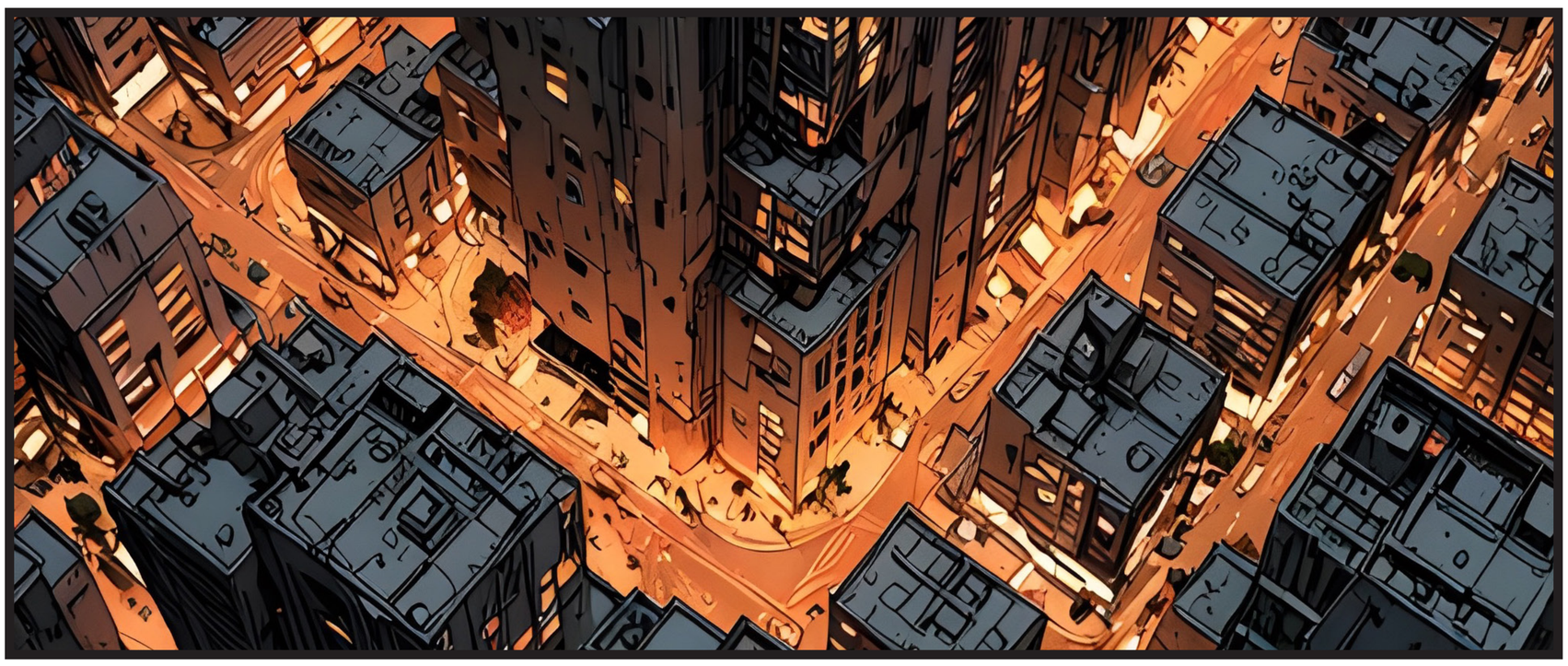
Its true what they say, "not enough people are saying this." What are they saying, i wonder to myself?

This town remembers everything—importance is irrelevant. The allies rattle with latent sonic half-life, an apparition of The Ghost Frequency, a Reverb Trail. Deafening, defiant. Its stink- scorched marks are tattooed on every amp worth its weight in decibels.





But histories half-life is as noxious as it is innocuous. Staring down the barrel of the future. Rogue collectives remixing the rules, Foustian frequencies slip past the Collective Accord like whispered confessions.



The truce is a joke, a cigarette break in the middle of a dumpster fire.

Neo-Carrboro is the chaos - ITS GIVEN BIRTH.

The crowd is hungry, desperate, and stupid enough to love it. Every beat, every note, every scream into the void is a middle finger to a world that told them to shut up.

ITS JUST US NOW. THE CITY AND ITS NOISE, CALMING CALAMITY.

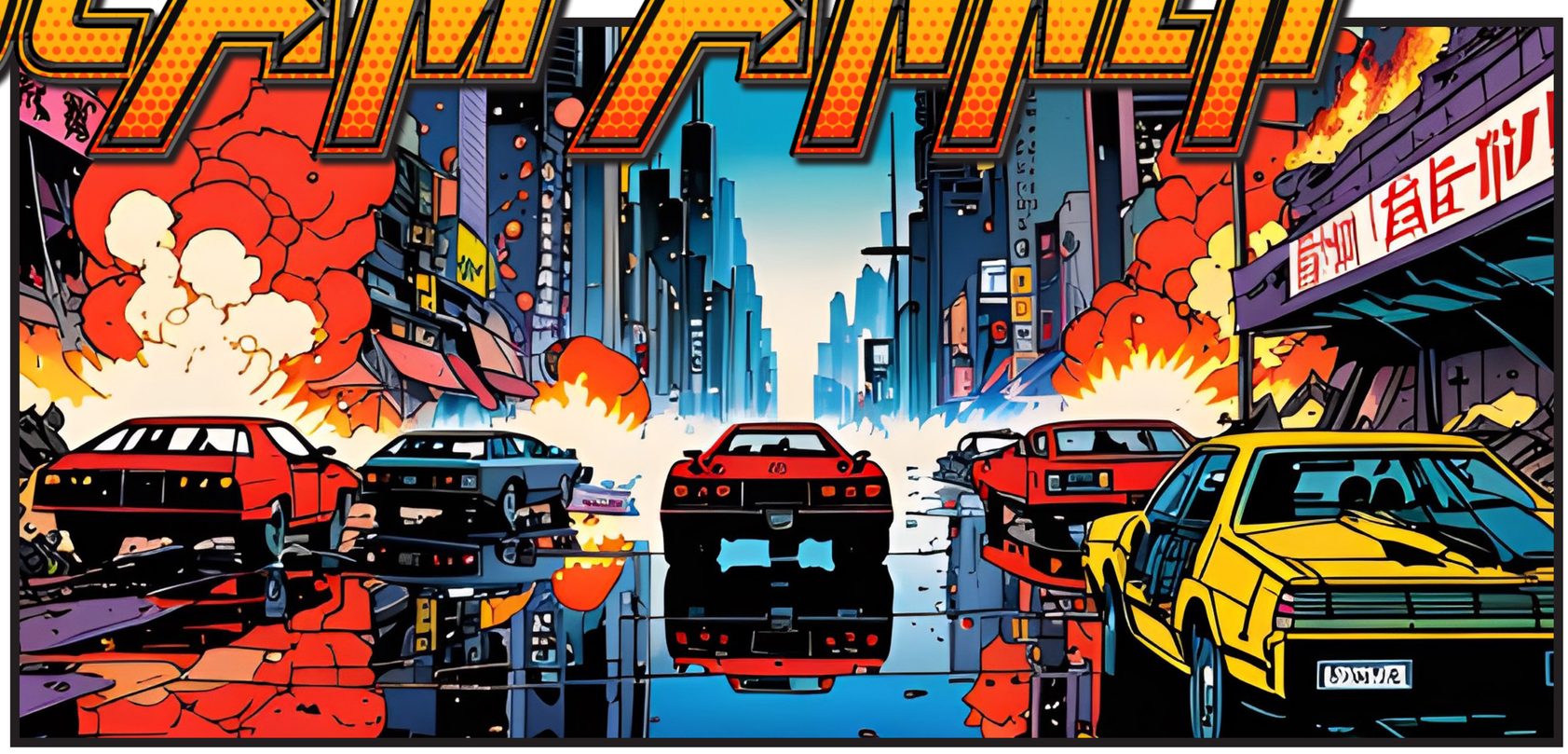
Something's bubbling up from the depths tonight—bigger, louder, and uglier than anything this city's seen since the Synth Riots set the sky on fire. The warehouses are vibrating, the alleys are screaming, and the streets are a simmering stew of blood, sweat, and spit.

YOU CAN SMELL IT, CAN'T YOU?

NEO-CARRBORO IS ABOUT TO EXPLODE!

AKIRA 2

APTSCAM ANNEX



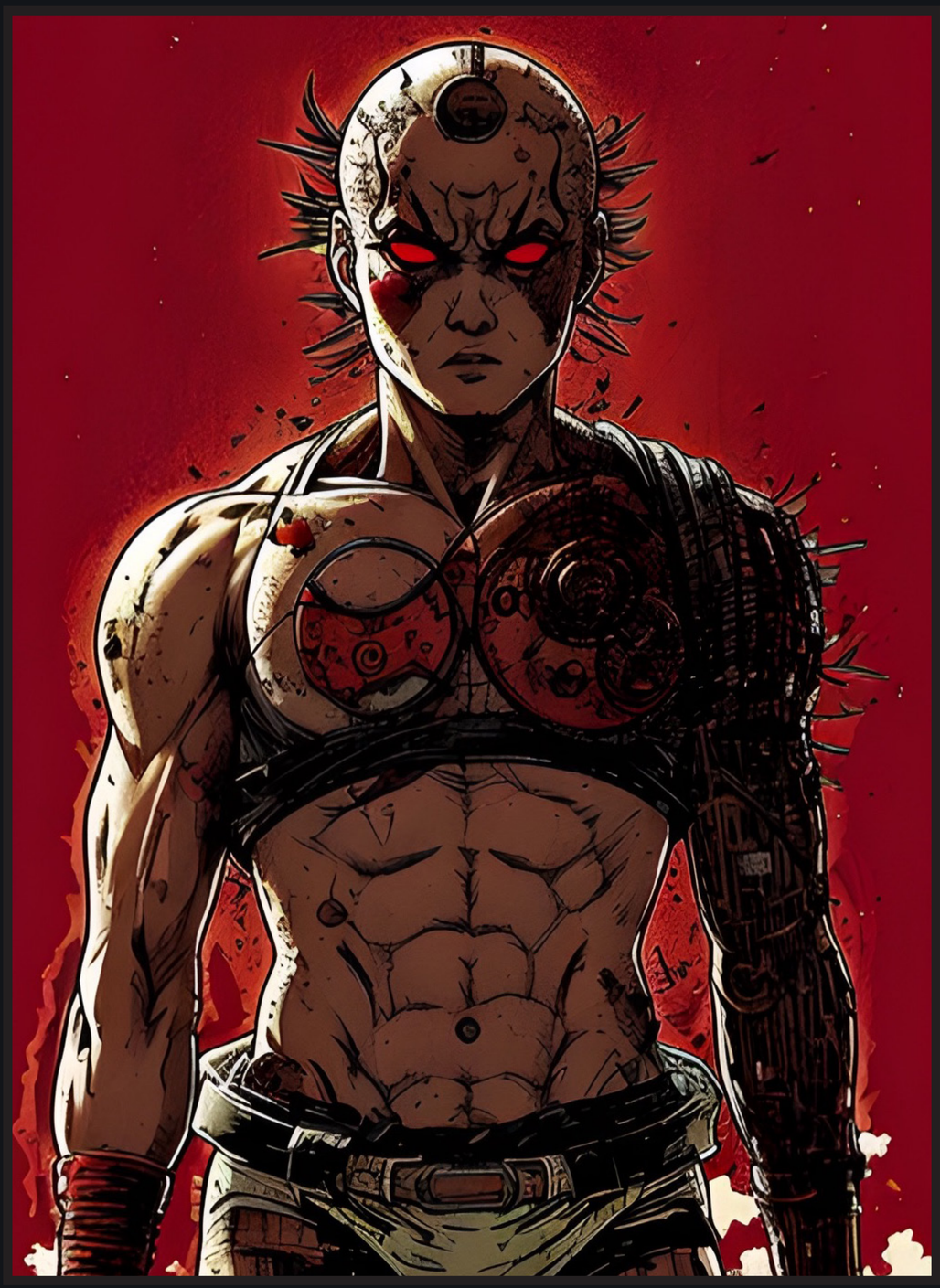
NOT ENOUGH PEOPLE ARE SAYING THIS.

TAPE LAB

ARTSCAM ANNEX
IS THIS AN ARG

ARTSCAM ANNEX

BY TAPE LAB



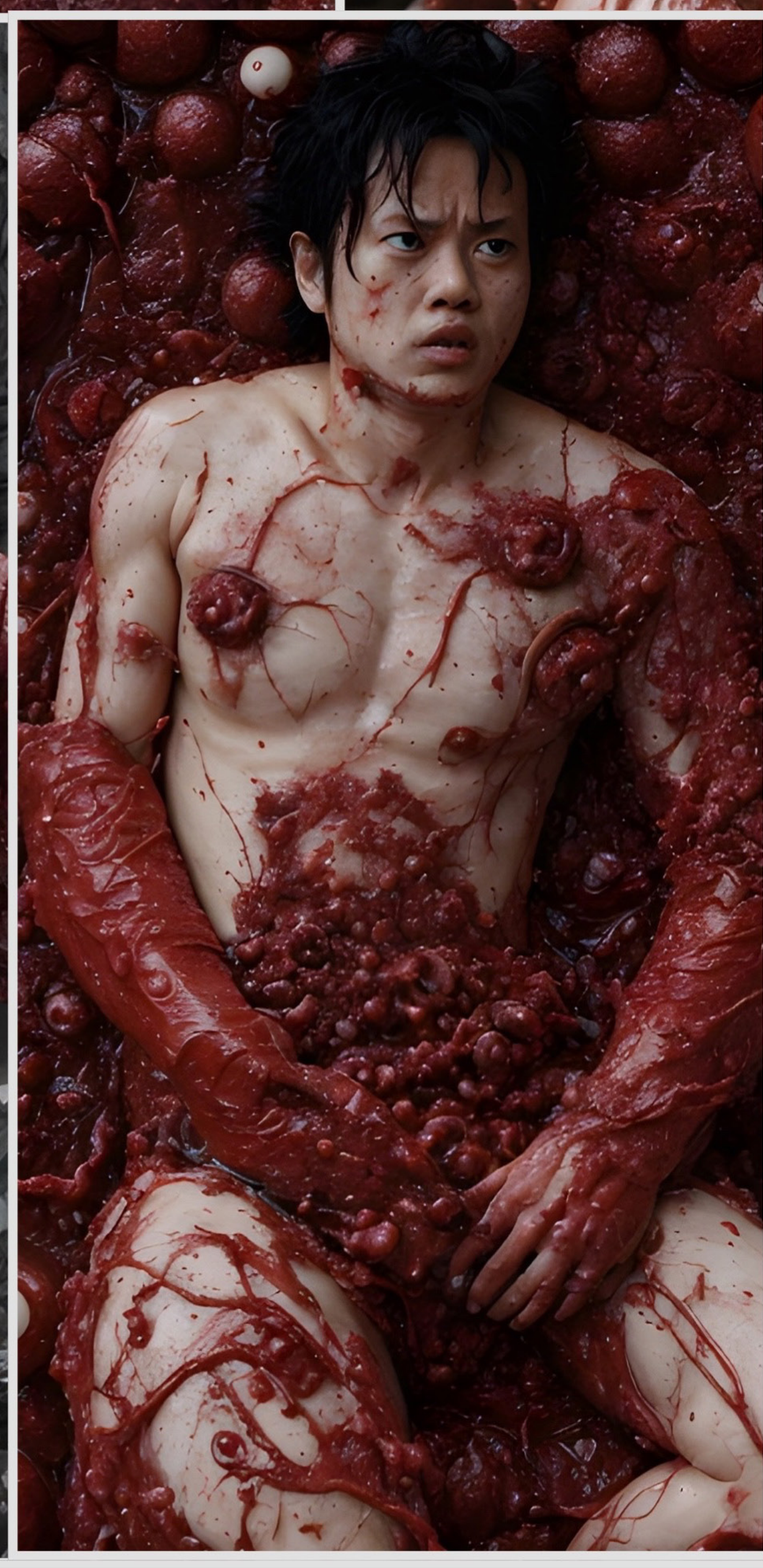
MY BODY ISN'T MINE. I CAN'T STOP IT, I AM BECOMING ITSELF... It's ripping MYSELF apart, twisting into something...ELSE.... What is happening? It won't stop—won't stop changing! Every second it's bigger, stronger, but it's wrong!

The power is ALIVE but its TOO MUCH. Pushing through my skin, BREAKING my bones... I AM INSIDE IT, and it won't let go! It's using me! My body's a machine for something I can't control, something that's going to—oh, god, what if I can't stop it?

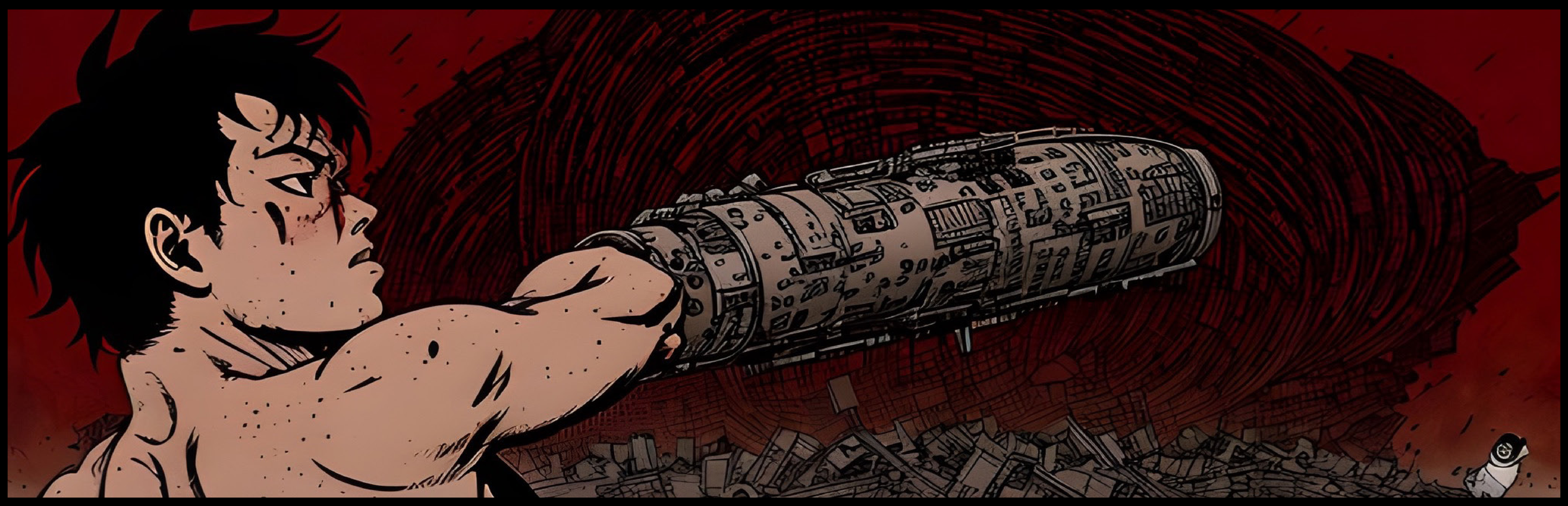
ARTSLAM ANNEX

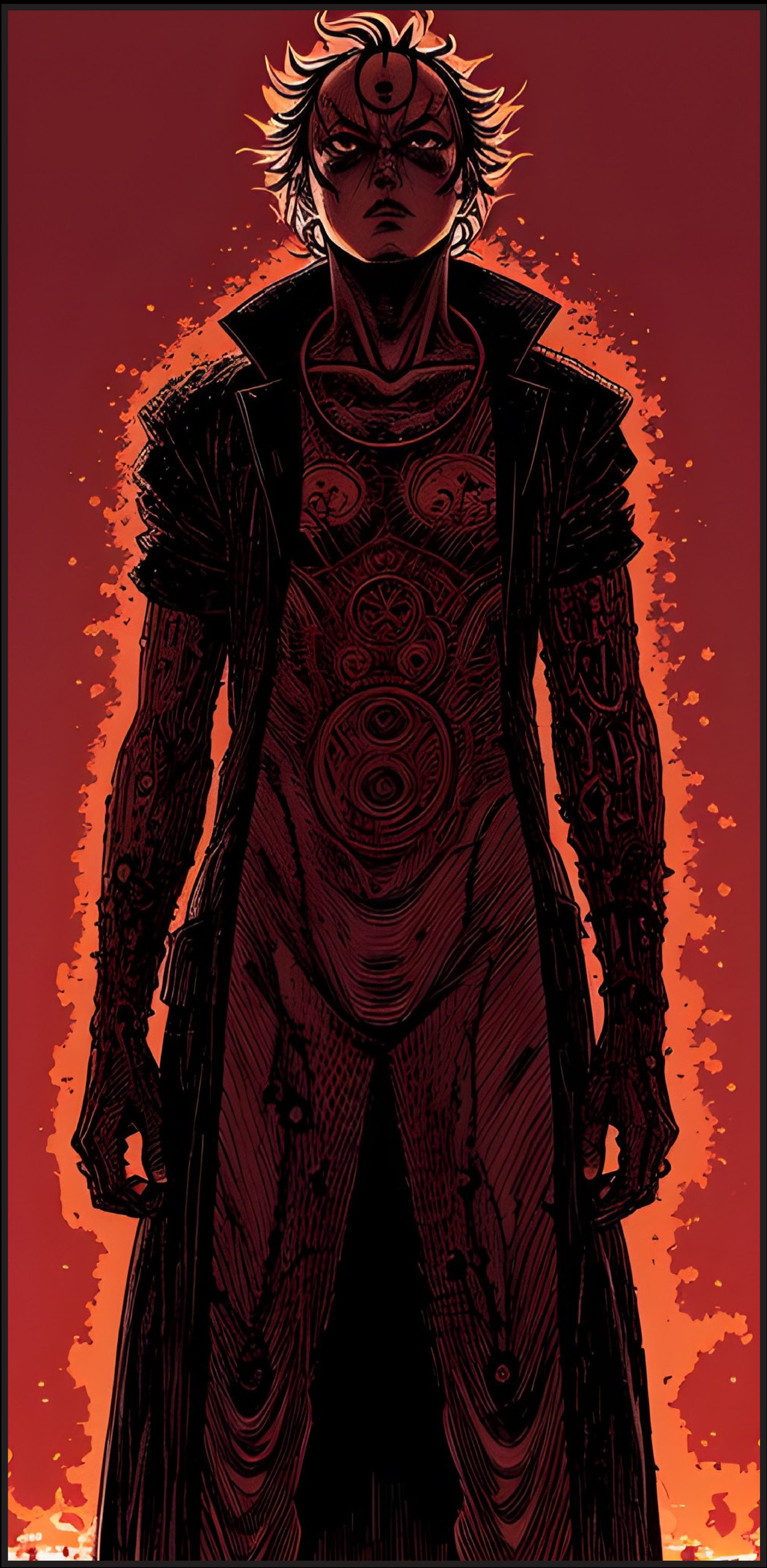
Not enough people are saying this.

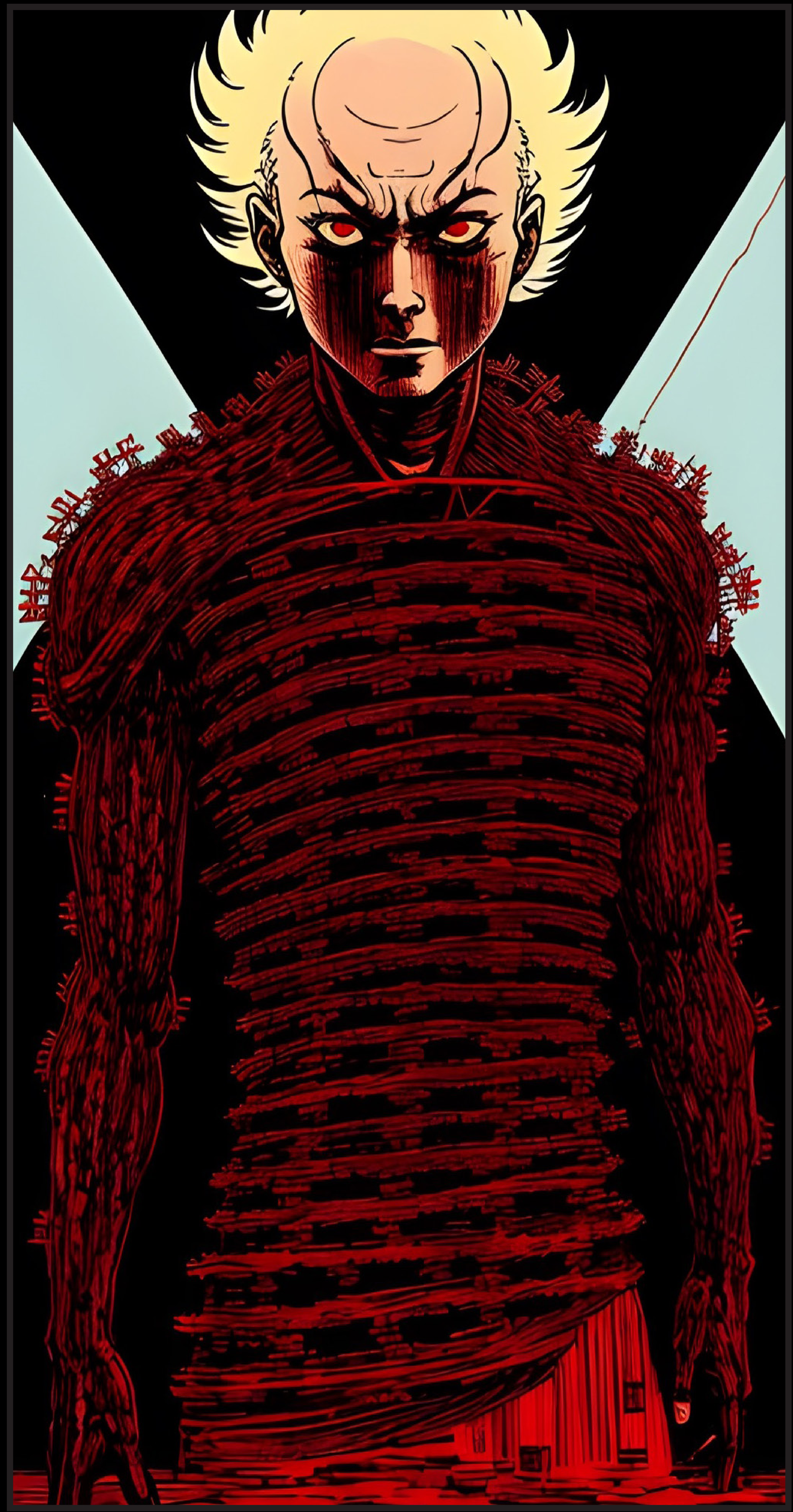
It hurts! It's tearing me apart from the inside! I'm scared... I don't want to disappear. I don't want to be a monster! I just wanted... I just wanted to be stronger... but this—this isn't what I wanted!



ARTSCAM

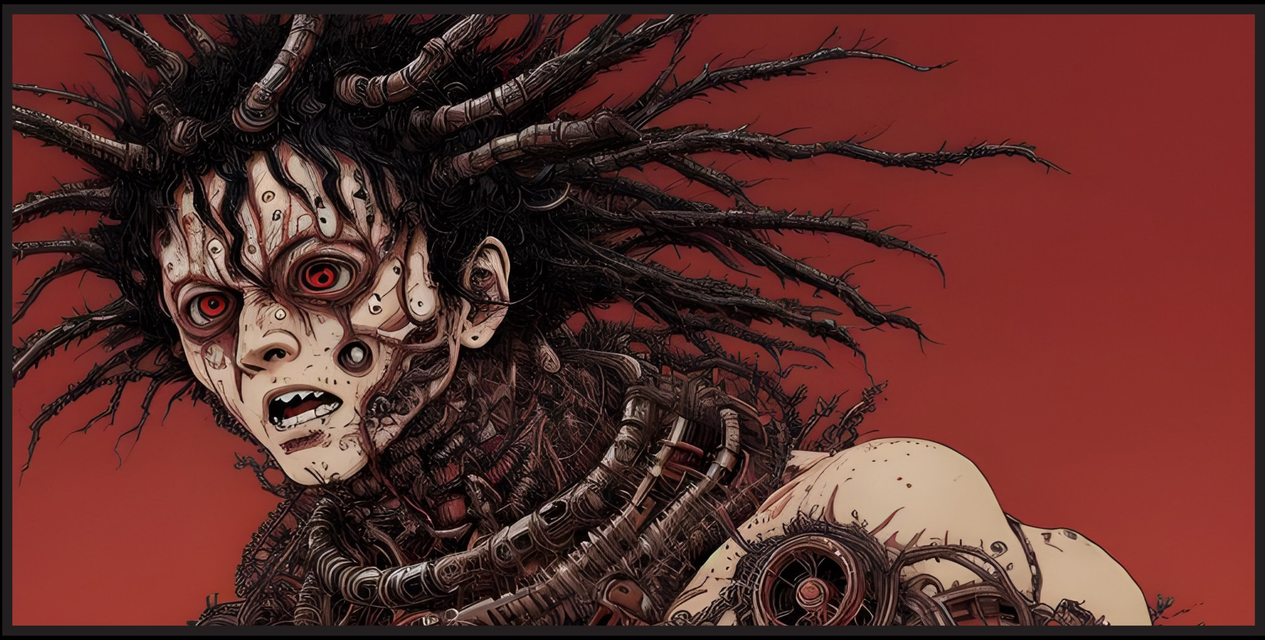




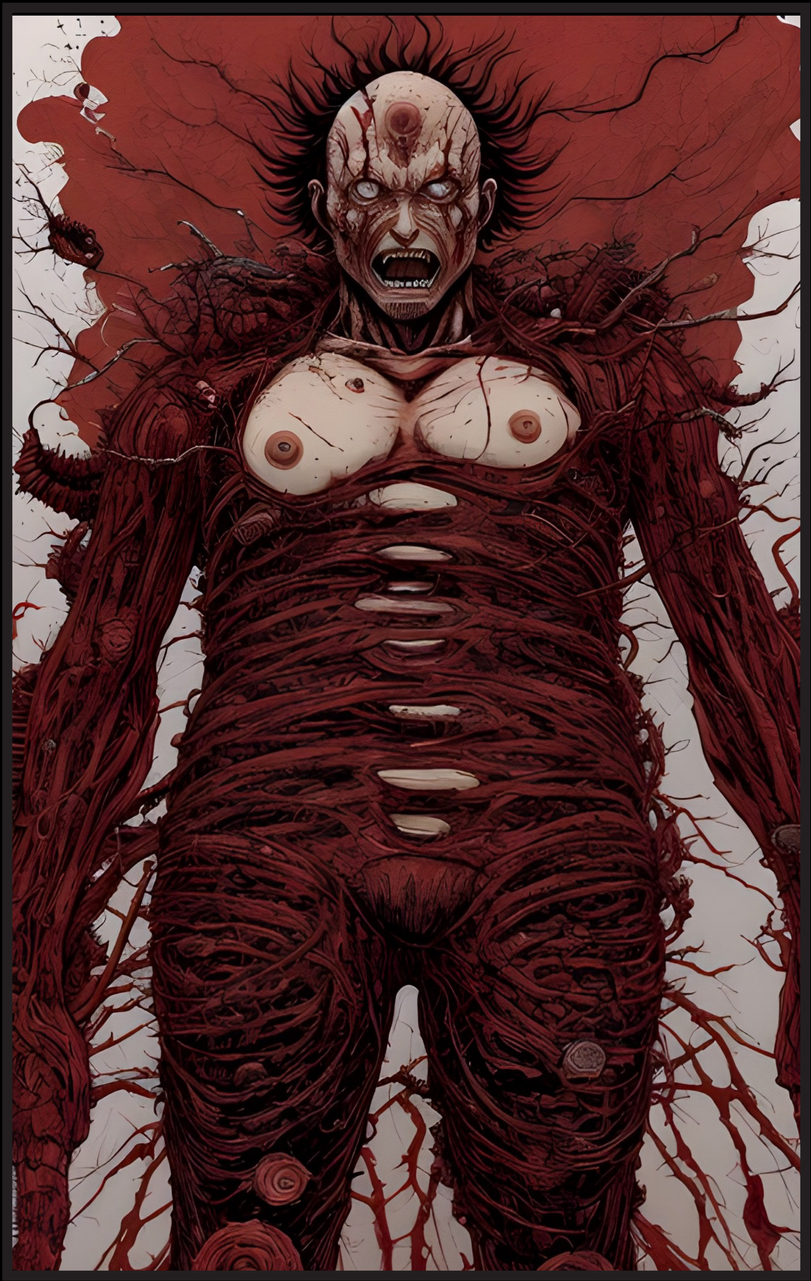


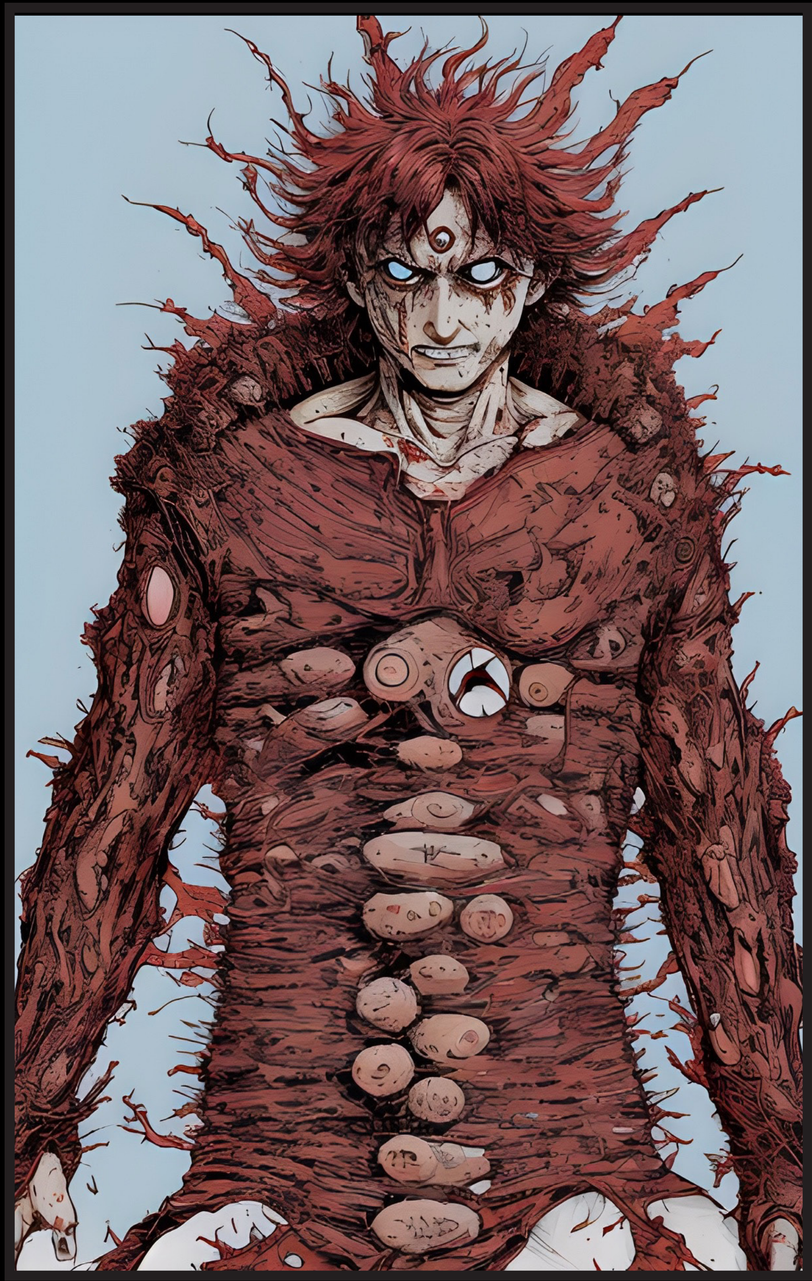
Not enough people are saying this.

ART/CAM ANNEX

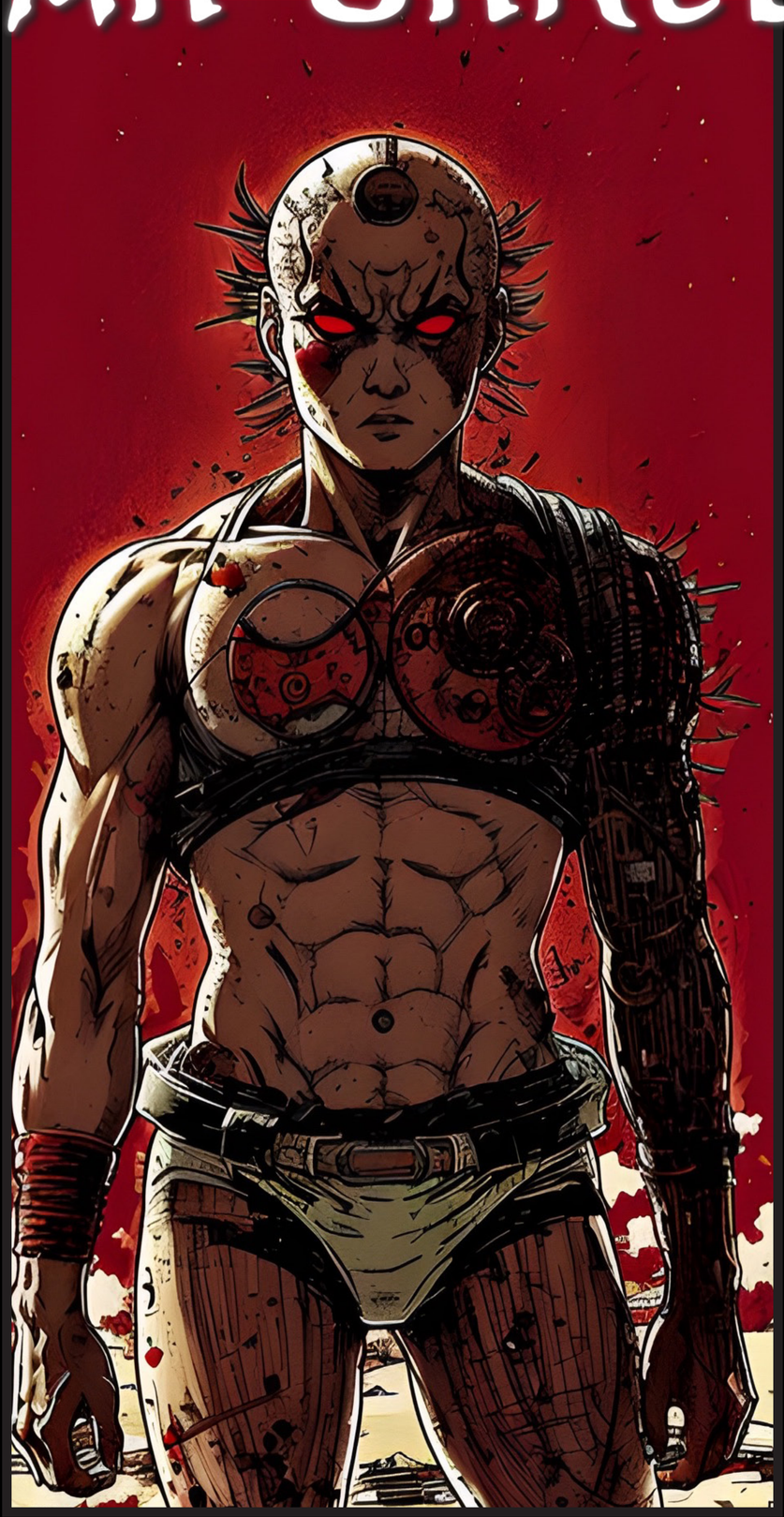


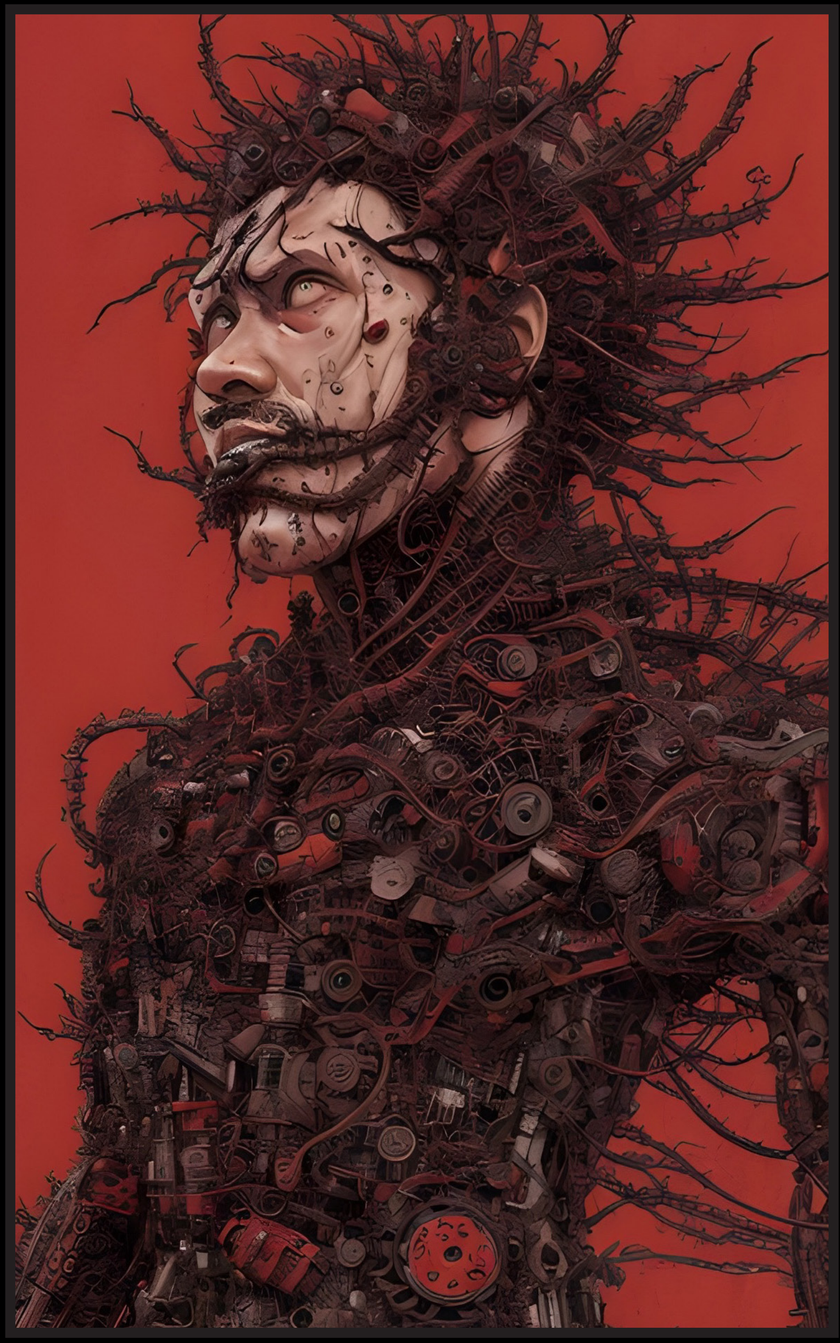
ARTSCAM ANNEX

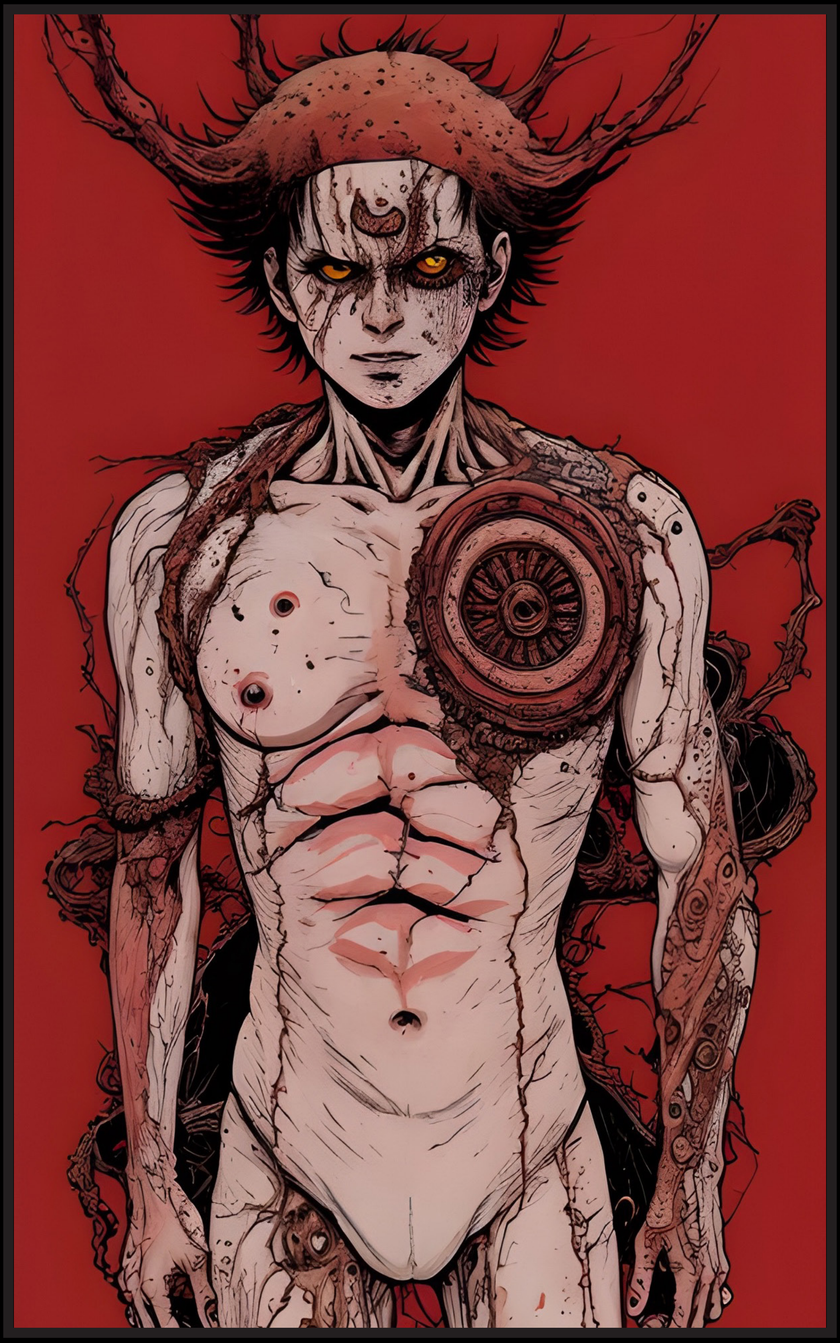




AN UNRELENTING EMPTINESS







ARTSCAM ANNEX

ARTSCAM ANNEX

AKIRA 2